

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 128.

## The Principles of Nature.

### "DIVINE SOCIAL ORDER."

BY J. H. ROBINSON, M.D.

How shall we work out the problem of human life? By a careful exercise of the gift of reason, and a critical examination of the lessons of the past—the past that has left us histories and graves. What are we striving for as individuals, and as a people? Civil and religious liberty, homes, happiness. It is just, and according to the dispensations of Nature, that every man should have control of his own body and soul, and a spot he can call home.

Home is a word full of teeming associations—the most sacred place on earth. A church is far less holy than a home—characters are formed at home, not at church—men often play the hypocrite at the latter, seldom at the former. So far as civil and religious liberty are concerned, we of the New England States have much for which to be grateful. Life and property are respected; we are free to advocate that form of government we conceive best adapted to secure the highest ends and aims of legislation, and are left at liberty to shape our religious tendencies agreeably to the evidences which our judgment receives.

What is a home? A spot consecrated to individual rights and immunities—the inner sanctuary—where the eternal altars of affection are kept bright—where the human mind receives its first impressions—a genial sun, whence emanates all noble and saving influences—a peaceful Eden, sanctified by a sympathizing mother's love—a school, where souls are educated, take all the degrees of usefulness in this world, and whence they finally graduate to the other. If there are two words that lead all others, and have power to thrill the heart, they are God and Home. Home is the kingdom of Woman; there the heaven of her love impregnates, sanctifies, and humanizes those tender offshoots of her own being, who are, ultimately, to dictate law and govern the world; there she has all the divine "rights" with which kindly Nature has endowed her—molds the plastic elements that are destined to shape governments and sway nations. How shall homes be obtained? By individual effort and industry. Unless inherited, that is the only way of having a true home. Clarity never made a real home, save for the unfortunate, deprived by untoward circumstances of "the glorious privilege of being independent." There must be a spot somewhere on the surface of the wide earth that every man, capable of mental or physical effort, can call home. Once in it, acting spontaneously his true nature, he may be the highest representation of manhood—one of Nature's sovereigns. There he has the control of his powers; there he thinks, realizes in full measure his own independence and self-hood; there the flowers of affection bud and blossom. The presence of his wife and children give him a sense of his importance and responsibility—stimulate him to high endeavor. The innocent faces of his little ones, the smiles of his conjugal mate, shield him from temptation, nerve him to meet the vicissitudes of existence, make him patient in suffering, hopeful in adversity. He who crosses his threshold must meet him on a level—home is a democracy where distinctions fade.

Shall homes be isolated, or shall persons of like modes of thinking dwell together beneath one common roof? Isolated, individual homes are the only homes in existence. Man's sovereignty is best preserved under such conditions, and said sovereignty is not antagonistic to the obligations of brotherly love, and can not, judging by human nature in general, and special experiments in particular, be perfectly and spontaneously developed in any combined social order that has yet been presented. What are the great desiderata to make homes universally subserve all the purposes of man's comfort? Economy of subsistence, just compensation for labor, the protection of property, and the means of mental culture. Give every family these rights, and the agitation of free thought will solve all other problems of human life.

The "Protective Union" movement has done much, and promises more, in regard to economy in procuring the necessities of domestic use, and preventing the monopoly and abuses of speculating capitalists. It is a project that appears to me among the most hopeful of this progressive age—universal in its principles and applications, meets human wants in that direction promptly and impartially, without parade or the cant of affected benevolence. When its designs are fairly, fully, and honestly carried out, they reduce the staples and necessities of existence to the lowest possible figure. A comparatively small sum entitles one to the benefits of the "Protective Union," when he obtains goods at cost prices, without regard to beliefs or affinities.

I do not, at present, believe in any kind of an organization, based on a religious idea, for the concentration of human beings under one roof. Receiving a set of opinions, or assenting to a general proposition, furnishes no adequate reasons for an associated home. If it be in harmony with the laws of progress for Spiritualists to become clannish, it is equally so for the sects. The Orthodox Friends must have a "Home" on

Washington Street; the Methodists establish a "Divine Social Order" in Court Square; the Universalists brethren on School Street; the Episcopal worshippers erect a place of development on Beacon Hill; and the Swedenborgians, Baptists, and other denominations, in other appropriate localities; while the "sinners" and "world's people" (a large class of affinities) rear a spacious fabric on the Common, which may serve as a grand "nucleus" for other "sinners" from abroad (where they may get sympathy and soup physiologically mixed).

What would be the result of such a system as this? The resurrection of the days of Feudalism. Every sect would daily become more confirmed in its own opinions, and the hoary-headed old villain, Bigotry, reign like a tyrant. These "divine social orders" in full blast, the worst evils may be looked for—internal corruptions and external fightings. We may expect to see Mr. Kirk, at the head of his "congenial associations," make a determined attack on the "unitary home" of Theodore Parker; while Edward Beecher, supported by his "circle of brothers and sisters of truth," throws up lines of circumvallation around the divine domicile of the believers in universal salvation, preliminary to a siege. The new "divine social order" of sinners may anticipate but little quietness, while trying to solve their favorite problems, in consequence of a scattering fire poured in upon them from all directions, on account of the "spiritual relations" which they sustain to the different religious clans.

A pleasant model home rises to my mental sight. It is not spacious or pretending in externals, yet gives the impression of comfort and contentment. As you enter you are struck with the exquisite neatness of every thing that meets the eye, and the graceful order that prevails in the arrangement of the household goods. The refining influence of woman pervades the very atmosphere, and a portion of her gentle spirit rests on every object. You are conscious of the presence of man's better angel. The husband returns from his labor. Eager little fingers are busy to lift the latch. The toilet is welcomed by the smiles of his wife, and the glad voices and sparkling eyes of his children. Cheerfulness and hope grow dominant in his breast, and he resolves to think well of the world so long as he remains in it—so many home blessings cluster about his footsteps. His food is placed upon the board by the white hands of his wife—he knows that he has honestly earned it—that it is clean and wholesome. A harmonious circle is formed around the table, where no discordant manifestations occur, and bread is broken with thankfulness. The tranquillity, contentment, and good feeling that obtain are favorable to celestial presence, the influx of high and ennobling thoughts, the utterance of affections that can not die, the sensible strengthening of those ties which the power that peoples the grave may not break. Spirit-foot-falls resound in the quiet air, and the kingdom of heaven draws near.

This is a picture of a true home. It may be said that few such can be found; but must not such divine domiciles be made realities before "unitary homes" on a large scale can be successfully established. If I err in this, will not a deeper and more methodical thinker present a better view of the subject?

Fourier's system has plenty of theory and much specious philosophy. Whether it can be reduced to practice is extremely doubtful, despite its ingenious and poetical parts. To make labor attractive is a desideratum worthy the highest effort of man. But an enterprise of that nature must be broad and comprehensive in its principles—extending the same friendly arm of aid to all human kind—giving the sure promise of bread and privilege to the earnest mind, independent of creeds, religious predilections and pretensions. My soul longs for some feasible plan of physical salvation, which the "common people" will hear gladly. Brotherhoods of a religious character have signally failed. It is labor, only, that can make practical associations. Throw aside all priestly cant, and precipitate a scheme to exalt labor, and render just compensation for the same, and the world will soon be ready to embrace it. Spiritualism, in its present confused and chaotic state, holds out no stronger element to cement an organization than the many other doctrines that have prevailed. That the central idea of the progressive theology, predicated on the facts of spiritual existence and rapport, is the foundation on which all sound reasoning respecting the duty and destiny of man must be based, I have no doubt; but the associated Home plan, as now agitated in various places, is entirely a side issue—an attempt to engraft an experimental branch on the main trunk of the great tree. The human organism is yet so imperfectly fitted to receive unmixed truth from the heavenly world that we are under the necessity of following our own judgment in this, as well as other matters. How many revelations have there been, first and last—how many men commissioned divinely and specially to establish the only true social order! The history of such endeavors would fill volumes, and prove, in many respects, a mournful record—a startling comment on the follies and extremism of mankind.

Most of us profess to be advocates of the agitation of thought, friends of discussion, supporters of liberal sentiment, believers in the liberty of the press, defenders of free speech. It is an encouraging fact that the better order of minds not only tolerate,

but request the examination of those projects which they devise and exhibit to public view as promising methods of reform. Therefore, in the most candid and tolerant spirit, I proceed to quote from No. 46, Vol. II., of the *New Era* the following catalogue of needs, which a "central institution" is intended to supply, and express such thoughts as may seem relevant, hoping that none will be so uncharitable as to question the motive that induces me to examine an issue that must be met sooner or later. Should my reflections be freighted with palpable errors, the truth will stand out in stronger relief by contrast; while if I, perchance, scatter a few seeds of practical thought, no one can possibly be a loser by the same. The "needs" in question are as follows:

"There is need of more abundant opportunities for the witnessing of Spirit-manifestations available to the public.

"There is need of more reliable mediums for giving tests and truthful communications.

"There is need of more highly unfolded and capable mediums for the transmission of elevated philosophy and practical wisdom.

"There is need of more highly spiritualized mediums for the more powerful exercise of the gift of healing by the impartation of magnetism.

"There is need, in order to meet these requirements, of a central institution where mediums can be scientifically and practically taught, etc.

"There is need, also, of a common home, or center of social interests and attractions, where congenial associations can always be enjoyed by mediums."

"The third and fourth of these 'needs' seem but amplifications of the second; and I do not recognize the probability or practicability of supplying one or all of them by a 'central institution.'"

"If there be in reality a positive 'need' that opportunities for witnessing manifestations should be multiplied, will not that occult, far-reaching, and discriminating Wisdom which recognized the need of any such facilities afford them as fast as necessary?"

Can "unreliable mediums" be made reliable at a "central institution"? Is it the province of any human being to "unfold" a medium who is not "unfolded," or to "spiritualize" one who is not "spiritualized" enough? Who and where is the gifted individual, heaven-destined to "scientifically and practically teach" unreliable, partially unfolded, unspiritualized media? Can mediums be made to order? Is there one among us sufficiently developed to assume the responsibility of developing others? Are we to understand or admit that mediumistic persons need "congenial associations" more than others? If we can not be developed in little, quiet, cosy homes, can it be hoped for in great, bustling, rapping, tipping ones?

The paragraphs which I have quoted appear to exhibit the prominent features of the contemplated association, and present the peculiarities to which I object, and which must prove detrimental to its successful ultimatum. I will proceed to state my principal objections to the proposed scheme.

1. It does not meet the wants of community and the physical and moral evils of society.
2. It is not sufficiently broad and expansive in its propositions and principles—is sectarian in its tendencies.
3. It is local in operation, individual in its interests.
4. It puts incidentals for fundamentals, and directs its energies in the wrong direction.
5. It has not the ability to accomplish what it proposes.
6. Because most Spiritualists have at this moment comfortable homes, wholesome food, and decent clothing, while there are scores of ragged, degraded, suffering children in the streets who have none of these blessings.
7. Because the principles of truth and progress are better subserved by giving homes to such unfortunates, than to a few persons who are not greatly wanting in the things of this world, and know how to struggle successfully with the vicissitudes of life.

If it be really desirable to make the "Home" experiment, I think the following principles give the best promise of success:

1. The practical recognition of the brotherhood of man by the free admission of all respectable persons, irrespective of religious sentiment.
2. The leading idea, economy of expenses; so that the necessity of continued labor without proper relaxation, or sufficient opportunity for the cultivation of the mind, may, if possible, be obviated.
3. Spiritualism, as a central, prominent, absorbing feature, being left entirely out of the question, its varied developments made secondary and incidental, the same as in all other well-regulated homes.

It is proposed, also, to publish works emanating from spiritual sources. Now what are the facts in relation to matters of this nature?

That all meritorious works can readily find publishers under existing circumstances.

That not more than one in twenty of the manuscripts purporting to be spiritual in origin are worthy of publication.

That most of the works claiming invisible authorship which have been published, have not yet paid the expenses of putting to press.

"That we have books of physiology which will probably do more good to the poorer and ignorant classes of society than any we may hope to receive at present, of that nature, from invisible authors."

"That from ten to twenty thousand dollars capital is necessary to start a publishing-house sufficiently respectable to give dignity to the cause it is designed to advocate."

In another paragraph, in the same sheet, it is affirmed that the "Home shall be a nucleus for the concentration of spiritual power for the conviction of the world!" Sinai was a "concentration of spiritual power," so was the Spanish Inquisition. The Pope is a "nucleus," and there is much "spiritual power" concentrated in his person. As it happens, we do not need a "nucleus" at all. Spiritual power is so democratically diffused that it will be found extremely difficult to "concentrate" it, even for the "conviction of the world." There is a "nucleus" wherever there is a human spirit—more or less susceptible of the kind of "power" spoken of. Celestial forces act everywhere, without regard to the narrow and selfish views of mortals. It is well for mankind that the divine method of operation is universal—that a Wisdom higher than ours directs the destinies of created intelligences.

Again: "The poor, the disconsolate, and the suffering," it is said, "are to partake of the rich blessings of the New Gospel" at the "central institution." Many would, perhaps, like to know how this is to be effected, and why they can not enjoy the same "rich blessings" elsewhere? I shall be called captious, undoubtedly, but I have yet to learn that there is a "New Gospel." All the gospel there is, is as old as the human spirit. Numberless "new gospels" have been sprung upon the world, since the days of the Jewish prophets, ultimately proving, however, no gospels at all, simply because not based on the constitutional wants of the body and the soul.

I have before me a circular headed, "Fair in aid of Spiritualism," which merely signifies to aid in opening the contemplated "Home." The idea is legitimate, and it is an honorable way of procuring funds; but as I read on, I learn that rooms will be opened adjoining the sales-room "where manifestations may be witnessed during the Fair."

I earnestly protest against the attempt to mingle spiritual revelations with such matters. Does it not afford just cause for invidious remark? Can not unbelievers, with a considerable show of sense and justice, impugn our motives, and marvel much that the ordinary and extraordinary should be so strangely mingled? May they not visit a Fair, conducted on these principles, and truthfully exclaim, "Here we have it—rag-babies and 'rappings,' tarts and 'tippings,' muffins and 'movements,' viands and 'visions,' munchings and 'manifestations,' and all for money!"

Is it judicious to bring the spiritual world to the level of a shilling show? Shall pin cushions, tin-whistles, fans, dancing-jacks, and messages from the supernal world be retailed at the same shop? To me, there is something profane in the thought, and I wonder that such a proposition should owe its paternity to minds who love the elevated, the beautiful, and the true. I do not think I err in my estimation of this thing; there is obviously a want of fitness and propriety in making such a heterogeneous mixture of trivialities and the very fundamentals on which a system of ethics is based. Even the prince of "Iranistan" has not yet laid a tariff on spiritual imports. Shall the powerful minor deities, Mammon and Gammon, stand guard over the professed avenues of angelic visitation? Is it after the order of the apostolic ministry? Is it not placing the "tables" of the "money-changers" where they were when Jesus "tipped" them over?

The "central institution" idea, as presented to view, seems very much like a grand menagerie of mediums, with keepers and feeders. I hope I have something of the love of humanity in my heart—a few particles of reverence for "undefined religion"—a desire that all may be impartially blest; and yet I am obliged to differ with many whom I would prefer to please, if practicable, and advocate a *spirituality* "without money and without price."

On this platform I stand, approved by the legislations of conscience, supported by the example of the greatest of reformers, confirmed by the decisions of my judgment, and the principles of Natural Religion.

LEICESTER, MASS., Sept. 19, 1854.

### WHAT THE SPIRITS HAVE DONE.

The persons with whom the writer of the subjoined communication has conducted his investigations are eminently intelligent and reliable, and our correspondent himself is certainly one of the last men in the world to be deceived or mistaken respecting the facts to which he bears decisive testimony.—En.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—At the Conference held at Dodworth's Hall on Sunday afternoon last, a gentleman requested the privilege of being heard in opposition to Spiritualism, and he soon proved to his hearers that he represented a phase of the subject through which every man present had probably passed, and through which every new inquirer must pass whose ability to investigate renders his researches worthy of notice. I refer to the

necessity of physical manifestations to be seen by every inquirer, and the effect of such manifestation in establishing belief.

Says the speaker on that occasion, "Bring a table here, place it out there on the floor, and take my word for it, if it rises up, suspended in mid-air, it would convince more skeptics than all else you can offer." He was doubtless correct in his views to the extent that those who saw would believe the fact. Some would continue so to believe for an hour, some for a week, and some for a month after leaving the rooms; but the *ingenuity of doubt* will overcome the impressions on most minds of one or more such experiments—it is only after frequent repetition of physical phenomena, in varied forms, that the *ingenuity of doubt* is laid aside, and the skeptic will begin to investigate the subject, admitting as part of his premises that tables and other material objects have been moved without the assistance of mortals.

Such manifestations, however, have occurred, and doubtless will occur in the presence of that gentleman if he will continue to sit in circles. He stated that "after six months patient investigation, etc." Now I will freely admit that for the investigation of some facts six months seems to be ample time; but for man to understand the mysteries of God, even to the extent required to render him observant of the physical manifestations of Spiritualism, may and probably will require a much longer time. For more than a year after commencing my investigations of this subject, and long after having received communications through mediums of facts only known to the Spirit claiming to communicate and to myself, I had not seen such physical phenomena as I had heard related by others, but still the continued assurances of others induced me to persevere until the conditions claimed by Spirits in their communications should be fairly fulfilled. Thus, nearly two years ago, I had a communication to this effect: "Form a circle composed of six positive and six negative minds, and continue your sittings once each week until you get the manifestations required." I then asked if all these should be believers in Spiritualism? to which the reply was, *No*; the positive minds should be unbelievers. After asking what constituted positive and what negative minds, I proceeded to enlist from among my friends the necessary number, and found much difficulty in inducing the requisite number of unbelievers to giving twenty consecutive Monday evenings to this use. At last, however, I succeeded, and the meetings have now continued for more than a year. We have long since given up asking questions, except when told by Spirits to do so, and the consequence is, that when questions are so asked they are always answered correctly and to the satisfaction of all. Our physical manifestations are entirely satisfactory, and would on any evening convince the speaker of Sunday last that material objects may be moved by Spirits in a well-lighted room without being touched by the members of the circle. Some of the members of this circle attend two other circles with other mediums, and from the three circles, all of which I have attended, I can state the following as having occurred in my presence, and can not doubt that if the speaker at the Conference will meet with a similar circle for a sufficient length of time, and with a similar desire to arrive at the truth, he will meet with similar success.

First, then, in a well-lighted room, I have known Spirits to write on paper with pencils, said paper and pencils being beyond the touch and control of either medium or circle. I have thrown a number of small coin on the floor which have been picked up and placed in the hands of the members of the circle. Bells placed on the floor have been taken up and rung by the Spirits, who have knocked the bells against the feet and legs of the members of the circle, and have then piled the three bells one above another on the floor. A harmonicon placed on the floor has been played upon by Spirits. Spirit-hands have touched the feet, legs, and hands of all the members of the circles. Spirit-hands have been rendered visible and held on to until they vanished, both in light and dark circles. In reply to the question, "Are Spirits of the lower animals in the Spirit-world?" a large dog has passed between the legs of the members of the circle, swinging the tail about and patting with its feet on the feet of the members. Chairs have been pushed back from the table with persons seated upon them. Tables have been lifted with no hands upon them. A piano on one occasion was lifted, and, indeed, the class of phenomena asked for by the speaker referred to have occurred without number.

You are already acquainted with the names of those who attended these circles, and although the members are unwilling to have themselves known as the parties referred to, still I think from your knowledge of the men you can and will assure the gentleman who spoke at Dodworth's Hall that they are not only entirely worthy of belief, but that they are particularly well qualified to investigate the subject, many of them having fought their way inch by inch to their present convictions.

TRUTH LOVER.

"The immorality of the age is a standing topic of complaint with some," observed Goethe; "but if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age to prevent it."



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

## THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

This Exhibition of specimens of the Agricultural and other relative industrial products of the Empire State opened in this city on Tuesday, the 3d inst., and closed on Friday, the 6th inst. Located on Hamilton Square, the ground selected was easy and cheap of access, but we regret to say that the attendance of visitors was far less than might reasonably have been expected from the population of this great city alone. We doubt if the attendance on any day (paying and free) reached 25,000, while at the late Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Philadelphia, the attendance reached near 100,000 a day. The total receipts of the Fair just closed were about \$10,000, being only \$2,000 more than the sums allotted for premiums, so that, instead of paying expenses as it has done when held in more "rural districts," the managers will probably have to look to the State for funds to meet a portion of their bill. This is deeply to be regretted, for the reason that those who have the power of locating the Fair will scarcely try this city again—the late trial being the first; besides, it is really a matter of shame that so few of our million souls clustered in New York and its suburbs feel interest enough to visit a State Fair, when it is in their midst, and enjoyable for the trifle of twenty-five cents.

The first two days of the Fair were rainy, which was a great drawback; but had the weather throughout been ever so fine, the Exhibition would, on the score of visitors, have been a comparative failure. Our citizens don't realize—with much curiosity to look at the sources, at least—the extent to which they are daily indebted to just such products as were exhibited at this Fair. They are far more concerned about what a political convention at Auburn or Syracuse will do, than about the progress of Agricultural Science, and the many relative peaceful arts and inventions that are rapidly and surely enriching and strengthening the State. We must confess that it struck us at once, on visiting the grounds, that an Agricultural State Fair—save on the smaller American Institute scale, and then in connection with manufactures, etc.—in a city fast as New York after intense excitement, is out of place. The exhibitors and a few visitors may appreciate and feel a hearty interest, but the majority of "citizens" will attend for fashion's sake, or from a feeble curiosity, caring as much to exhibit themselves, as to see what is exhibited. Some ladies whom we saw on the ground, looking at the splendid home-grown and imported cows, put us, by their apparent—innocent ignorance, in mind of the boarding-school miss who, on first seeing a cow milked, exclaimed, "Why, la! is that the way they do it!"—I thought they took hold of the handle—tail—there, and pumped it out."

It is very different when such an exhibition is offered to the people of the country. They gather from far and near: farmers, mechanics, spinners, blooming dairy-maids—the whole population, indeed, and each feels a pride and interest in the show, for each sees his or her own industry, ingenuity, or skill there displayed. There is an entire fitness in holding such a Fair out in the midst of the pastures and grain-fields; here, we are absorbed in business and pleasures that leave no room for admiration for fine breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. Even the golden butter and cheese, and the giant fruitage of gardens, orchards, and vineyards, begot in us little more than the feeling that we should like to have the specimens home on our tables, speedily as possible. We speak now of the taste and temper, in this direction, of four fifths of "citizens" who attend, and would like to be thought wise and patronizing at Agricultural Exhibitions. Doubtless there are some who thoroughly appreciate, for we are not all divorced from the country and a knowledge and regard for its products, if we do live in the city.

The late Fair was highly attractive to such as could appreciate it. The show of full-blooded stock was large and choice. We could, had we been in search of farm-stock, have amply satisfied ourself in the line of horses, oxen, bulls, cows, sheep, and swine. Our farmers, by importing rare foreign stock and engraving it on our own, are rapidly transforming horse-and-cattle-dom. The display was also quite large and choice in fowls—and this is a farm department, by the way, the improvement in which is become a mania in many quarters. Of grains, we saw superb wheat, barley, corn, oats, and beans—if we may call the latter grain. The show of vegetables was good, huge pumpkins leading the long line of beets, carrots, turnips, squashes, cabbages, potatoes, etc. Of fruit there was a tempting collection, single individuals in some cases exhibiting as many as twenty odd choice varieties of pears, in perfection. The apples, pears, peaches, plums, and grapes were enough to make the most stoical mouth water. There was exquisite honey, delicious butter, and cheeses of all sorts and sizes. We saw one marked about 500 lbs. The floral display was good in clipped dahlias and roses, and there were a number of very choice shrubs and plants. Ingenious needle-work, painting in water-colors, and other branches of female accomplishments were represented, but not so largely as we have seen at the Castle Garden Fairs.

Among the many things we saw to admire was an elegant specimen of the PIANO—the only one, we believe, exhibited—from the establishment of our friend Horace Waters, one of the most liberal, enterprising, and successful music publishers in the country, and a good Spiritualist, too. The instrument we saw was a splendid one, and attracted the particular attention of the ladies, who were loud in its praise. Mr. Waters is an extensive dealer in the best of American pianos—we doubt if there are any better—and other musical instruments, and has published and is constantly publishing some of the choicest music in every department. We make this special mention of him, partly because we thought his contribution to the Fair unique—the only one that had no mate or rival. It stood alone, and was capable of so standing, both on its legs and its merits.

If there was any fault, to our mind, in the disposition of the things exhibited, it was in their being too much scattered in various tents and sheds. Still, we heard little or no complaint. The managers had an effective police force on hand, so that gambling was not allowed to desecrate the grounds contiguous, and pickpockets were left without a chance. Two were arrested in the Fair, and immediately labeled "Thieves and Pickpockets," and marched in a variety of condition through the crowd. A brisk business in a variety of

trades was carried on outside of the Fair, but the police effectually spoiled the hopes of sharpers. Every thing was conducted in an orderly manner. The Address, by Hon. J. P. Hale, on Friday afternoon, was listened to by perhaps 10,000 persons. It was able and eloquent, as one might expect from Mr. Hale on such an occasion. All things were cleared from the ground on Saturday. It is not yet decided where the Fair will be held next year—at Auburn or Syracuse, probably. We shall be glad when such exhibitions become universally popular, and supplant political conventions in public regard.

## THE TELEGRAPH AND THE CAUSE.

An esteemed correspondent, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, from whose discourse on the "Relation of Pastor and People" we made extracts in our last issue, has sent us an earnest and fraternal epistle, which can not but prove interesting and profitable to the correspondents and readers of the TELEGRAPH; and as it concerns them as well as our humble self, we can not monopolize the pleasure it is calculated to inspire. Our Reverend brother is pleased to speak of our course in terms of high commendation, and while we are gratified with this assurance, and with many similar testimonies, that our labors are approved by persons distinguished for intellectual culture and moral worth, we yet deeply realize our own weakness and the comparative inefficiency of all merely human means and agents. It is true that we have been nobly seconded by numerous able correspondents who have contributed to sustain the interest of the TELEGRAPH, and by the indulgence of many friends who have been constant in their support and charitable in their judgments. May Heaven smile on them, and while our personal labors and sacrifices, hitherto, may entitle us to no special tokens of approbation, we will try to justify the good opinion of our friend by what we yet hope to do in this cause.—Ed.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH—THE METHOD OF ITS EDITOR, AND THE PROSPECTS AND ENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

NASHVILLE, TENN., September 20, 1854.

When the votaries of a great cause see its interests and promoters ably and charitably seconded and advanced, it is but the part of candor and honor to acknowledge their friends and defenders. When that cause is made almost as liable to defeat and failure by the infatuation of its adherents as by the obstinacy of its enemies, and we see both fearlessly and kindly met, and misguided zeal and perverse resistance alike guided and controlled, we owe more than silent admiration and private friendship to the men whose calm wisdom and vigilant watchfulness so constantly secure these ever desirable ends of Peace and aims of Humanity. Thus when we consider the momentous interests at stake, and the glorious promises of good to all mankind so hopefully held out by the developments of Spiritual Philosophy, and these in connection with the almost endless variety of opinionism and purpose such developments are likely to inspire in men of every diversity of intellectual and moral culture, I can not too much admire the dignified and yet spirited, the candid and yet gentle, the considerate and yet earnest course of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and I hail its regular visits as a benediction to the cause it so faithfully represents.

He has but little experience in spiritual intercourse who has not seen how easy it is for a medium and the neophytes around him to mistake the fleshly imaginings of their own hearts for pure spiritual communications. And he has still less observation of men who has not found the veriest obstinacy of selfishness united with the most untiring industry as the manifestation of such mistakes in the desires and efforts to propagate and sustain them. Still, in our better nature, we all know that paritism is not of God, nor can it promote the best interests of humanity. In the cause of spiritual advancement we need patience, and we need facts. Human nature must be taught to wait, and it will be taught by its grotesque mistakes and the certain exposure of their folly, if it can not or will not learn by the admonitions of higher wisdom and holier impulses. How many mediums have ceased to be mediums who gave promise of high development before they and their friends were led away by the false glare of mercenary gain and the selfish ambition of earthly renown! And how many now of their foolish imaginings are held up as the supposed teachings of Spirit-monitors, to disgust the well-disposed and mortify the rational believers in the high and holy purposes of spiritual teaching. Such should hear a timely admonition, not from me, but from their Spirit-friends; for I state it as a fact predicated upon a large experience, that I have never as yet met a medium through whom this warning did not come, though I have seen many who gave it no heed, and now reap the sad results of a disappointment that might have been easily prevented. We are apt to savor too much of that egotism and vanity that invariably brings an unjust decree upon our most cherished ends. Purity of heart and honesty of aim in our Spirit-friends may sometimes, may often, clothe their sentiments in language that fails to strike the sensuous atmosphere of our self-seeking and selfish scheming. Then what have we gained by spiritual intercourse? Nothing, absolutely nothing, we did not already possess before. Not a single ray of truth is added to our former unused and unappreciated possessions. The Spirits everywhere call for more purity. The call must be heeded, or it will seek other ears than those too readily turned away from the growth of their own souls in moral power and philanthropic usefulness.

Amid the conflict of opinion and the strife of ambition thus awakened, how can an editor, or any other public representative of common interests, steer the noble vessel, receiving its freight of good for mankind? There is but one method—a method taught by Nature everywhere and in every thing—that commands itself to every man's inner reason or rationality, and that is, he must recognize and appropriate the principle—UNITY IN DIVERSITY. Unity in uniformity has been tried by every sect in religion and every association in philosophy. The result is before the world. No eye so blind that it can not see it. It never did exist—it never can. The hypercritical pretension to it has forestalled free inquiry, dwarfed manhood, and impoverished the world of the rich legacy of peace and good-will to all mankind our spiritual guides would now bring to it. And they will bring it—their movement can not fail; but many of us may fail to become happy and harmonious instruments in helping forward the day.

As the able and fearless representatives of this grand and all-embracing principle, I hail the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and many of his correspondents, and sincerely hope he may never falter in the courage, industry, and charity indispensable to its successful application and observance. Many things, perhaps must be, admitted to its columns his own judgment would pronounce any thing but spiritual, but they will expose their true nature, and there needs to be no petty conflict upon them. It is impossible to pour liquids through such coloring avenues as our fleshly minds without their being tainted by the contact. The human mind is not a riddle. This simple illustration remembered would alike solve all the difficulties found in what are called contradictory communications, and inspire us to that growth in purity of thought and

purpose essential to the reception of clear spiritual instruction. All truth is eternal in divinity; but the measure of divinity is not the same in every stage of human or mental development. The soul of man is born of God, so to speak, literally, for it is the divine essence in man; but the degree of its unfolding is as varied as the human countenance, and its utterances must be expected to partake of an endless diversity. Man is the inheritor of God, or of Divinity, or he would not be man, but his paternity is often buried, when it can only be resurrected by a reasonable acceptance of true or pure knowledge. There is, therefore, much to interest and benefit us all in what has been given us through every degree of mediumship. I can not but admire and rejoice in the facility and felicity that is everywhere, in all the forms of Spiritualism, interwoven with the development of the Godlike in man. It causes us to hope, to believe, nay, to know, that man is immortal; that spiritual communion is born of God and is as legitimate as the breath we breathe. But children differ in their size as stars differ in their glory. Hence we should not think it strange that many attempts are in vain. Greater currents mingling with smaller currents will unquestionably direct the currents thus mingling from their desired channels; but a larger district of arid waste is thus watered and refreshed, and many a stagnant pool of corruption carried away.

Still, with all this apparent contradiction and diversity, we believe that one shadow shall yet enfold humanity. Still nearer and nearer draws the day when one Divinity shall be recognized in all. Humidity shall be disrobed of the mantle of ignorance, vice, and superstition, that makes it often appear more as a monster of fiendish mien than an angel of eternal glory and love. And when the divine garment of Brotherly Love shall encircle all, the manna from Heaven's bounteous field will be spread for all, and around it all the now severed sons of sorrow shall be gathered, wafted by the gentle zephyrs of peace not now perceptible to any of us when under the influence of our own short-comings and frailties. The day, sir, of this union of a long-severed brotherhood already dawns, and it will be proclaimed from on high wherever and whenever there is sufficient warmth and vitality to sustain the souls of those who bravely and lovingly herald it. This brotherhood comes forth in geniality of soul; but we should ever remember it comes forth from sterility, and must, therefore, have the degrees of its growth. And whenever and wherever it shall be necessary to sustain and help forward the great army of Progress in its marches to this certain and glorious conquest, there spiritual light will be given of a nature such as never shall be dimmed by the clouds of human passion or perversity.

With such an assured prospect before us—and of its realization, every true Spiritualist is or may be assured by unmistakable evidences—who dare stop to envy his brother what must tend to the good of all? Who dare rest at his ease seeking vain satisfaction in the transitory and unsubstantial strifes of selfish scheming? Who can fail to arouse every pure aspiration of his soul as he would hold it up in communion with the matured wisdom and unselfish love of heavenly visitants? Who would claim to be a teacher when he has not—when, perhaps, no one has as yet—learned how to be a pupil? Who would not abstract himself from the grosser considerations of life, if it be necessary to the proper entertainment of spiritual affinities, that ever urge us to higher and nobler ends.

Such are some of the reflections impressed upon my mind in view of the aspects and prospects of Spiritualism, and the great principles that should regulate its public advocacy and defense. And as one star does not illuminate the great galaxy that spans all space, but an innumerable multitude re-echo the sweet music that instills the ineffable glory of God, so let us love the light of every star in the spiritual firmament, and rejoice in the variety of glory and beauty that marks the infinitude of humanity and progress.

With assurances of the highest respect,

I am, in spiritual fraternity,

J. B. FERGUSON.

## MR. DAVIS AND HIS LECTURES.

Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. A. J. DAVIS intends to leave this part of the country in a few days, for the great West, on a lecturing tour, which is expected to occupy his time for the ensuing six months. A large number of our readers and others will now have an opportunity to listen to him for the first time, and we hazard nothing in saying that he will everywhere be heard with pleasure and profit. Whatever his friends or foes may think of his views, they certainly can not object to the civil, loving, and rational spirit which always characterizes their expression. He manifests no partisan zeal, makes no effort to arouse the passions of his hearers, or to inspire faith by mere physical force. On the contrary, he talks like a philosopher, relying chiefly on the potency of his ideas and the naturalness of his deductions, to establish a rational conviction.

But it must not be inferred from the preceding observations that Mr. Davis is not an agreeable speaker. In this respect he possesses attractions peculiar to himself. His style exhibits a freedom of thought and freshness of illustration which seldom mark the efforts of those who have been subjected to the discipline of the schools; at the same time his subdued manner and musical utterance indicate great self-control, and a remarkable freedom from prejudice and asperity of feeling.

We bespeak for Mr. Davis a cordial reception and a candid hearing. He may advocate views on some points which we do not entertain, but they may be true views, nevertheless. Of this, at least, we feel assured; his lectures will prompt to the exercise of reason, while the apposite, extreme tendencies, in many minds, to an unreasonable faith, a blind devotion, or to a material skepticism will be restrained by his labors.

## DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. C. B. THOMPSON, of St. Catharines, C. W., writes us concerning a recent visit which he made to the rooms of Mr. Atwood, the wonderful healing medium of Lockport, N. Y. He found Mr. A.'s office thronged with the sick and infirm, both rich and poor, say from ten to sixty per day. On each day our correspondent was with him, he operated (as was thought) upon as many as thirty persons during the forenoon. All were sanguine in the belief that he was doing them a great deal of good, and many of them had wonderful stories to tell concerning the cures which Mr. A., or the influence acting through him, had effected upon the persons of their friends. Mr. A. is spoken of by our correspondent as a highly worthy citizen of Lockport, generally respected by the foes as well as friends of the new unfolding, and was universally so until he became so "insane" as to believe in spiritual intercourse.

The communications previously sent us by Mr. T. shall yet have a place in our columns, or a portion of them at least, so soon as we can find room for them.

Mr. D. M. COOK, a California miner, writes us of his singular success in gold-digging under the guidance of certain interior promptings. He says as soon as he fixes upon a spot of ground, proposing to subject it to the operations of his pickaxe, the result of the contemplated search, whether good or bad, is distinctly imprinted upon the mind while in the state of ordinary sleep. By following these intimations his mining operations have been crowned with extraordinary success, and under the same guidance he is encouraged to believe that the future issues of his labors will be according to his wishes, even to any amount of the shining treasure. By experiment Mr. C. finds, as he says, that the same present faculty exists in many other individuals, and is available for like purposes.

LECTURES IN CLEVELAND.—The *Spiritual Universe*—published at Cleveland, Ohio—under date of Sept. 30th, contains the following notice of Mr. Davis' recent lectures in that city:

Last Sunday forenoon and evening, A. J. Davis delivered two lectures at the Melodeon to fair audiences. To attempt any thing of a synopsis of his discourse would be a vain effort. There was no wandering away into the realms of imagery, amid the flowers and beauties of celestial scenery. There were no aerial flights of fancy, but there was the deep breathing of an earnest prayer for the awakening of humanity to the high and holy mission of regeneration and redemption. They were practical, and no doubt will carry into the hearts of many the conviction of a deep and abiding desire for the disenfranchising of Reason from all human fetters, that the MAN may go forth the impersonation of Deity.

SPIRIT LITERATURE.—In the article which we last week copied from a late number of the *London Family Herald*, the writer, among many truthful observations respecting the spiritual movement in this country, has the following:

It is altogether a remarkable movement, and is a giant for its age. There is also a high moral tone about its periodicals, a rich poetry, and a full amount of scientific and philosophical information, that make them highly reputable.

This judgment, rendered by one of the most influential public journals in the world, is commended to the particular attention of the author of "Ghost Literature."

## C. A. DANA, THE TRIBUNE, AND GHOSTOLOGY.

The following letter from an intelligent gentleman in Massachusetts will assist our readers to judge of the effect of the *Tribune's* recent attacks on the Spirits and the Spiritualists. We understand that the writer is a personal acquaintance and friend of the gentleman addressed.—Ed.

C. A. DANA:

Dear Sir:—The writer has read with surprise and pain your comments in the *Tribune* upon Spiritualism—surprise, that the editor of so honest, high-toned, and usually clear-sighted a journal should have deemed a subject touching so large a share of public attention unworthy a thorough investigation before venturing so sweepingly to condemn it; and pain, that you should charge upon the whole body of believers in this new doctrine views entertained only by a few.

You have been, like myself, a warm advocate of the doctrines of Charles Fourier; have you forgotten his speculations on "Free Love?" or that the secessors at Association declared in substance that "It is quite commonly taught by Phalansterians, that the union of man and woman ought to be based upon affinity, and that as attraction varies," etc.; in short, were not the Associationists as a class charged by the *Herald and Express* with advocating a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes? And has not your own pen again and again, through the columns of the *Tribune*, refuted the base slander? How could you, then, in view of this unpleasant experience, so needlessly commit so great an error as in this present case?

The only witness you have brought forward declares, in the very article you quote to sustain your unfounded assertions, that "comparatively few of the Spiritualists are yet aware" of what you state is "commonly taught" by them. It is evident from that, that you were as careless in reading as reckless in assertion; and now, the only manly thing you can do to retrieve your character as a careful and honest journalist, is to patiently and perseveringly investigate this whole subject and give the results to the public.

There are at least ten thousand patrons of the *Tribune* who feel aggrieved and insulted by your article. I include in this number investigators as well as believers; for your objectionable article is of such a character as to render questionable the purity of the motives of those who are being led to examine into Spiritualism; these will not be content that you shrink this matter, but expect you to prove your statement, or recant and apologize.

No one who knows you personally can doubt that your motives were good, that you thought you detected a glaring evil, and so fearlessly exposed it. This characteristic feature of the *Tribune* is what commends it so strongly to a vast majority of its readers; but candor, truthfulness, and discernment are equally essential to make up a good journal; and it is because the *Tribune* has the reputation of possessing all these, that no cause can afford to bear its unjust condemnation. That it may not suffer in these respects at your hands, is the hope of its friend and your friend.

## THE NEW YORK "DAILY TIMES."

SEA SIDE, R. I., Sept. 25, 1854.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Sir:—Though not a subscriber to the TELEGRAPH, I avail myself of it in the bound form. Astonishing as it is the matter generally in these volumes, nothing therein has thus far more excited my surprise than the aspect the *Daily Times* assumes, as exposed by your correspondence with its editor (about a year since), in relation to its charge of collusion between yourself and Dr. Richmond. Having, for the first time, very lately looked into your book, this extraordinary instance of turpitude has just come to my knowledge.

It is possible for what appears to be a very base action to occur from mere inadvertency, but in such case a mere hint of the nature of the oversight will hasten the party to its acknowledgment and the fullest restitution in his power. How far different the case presented in the instance before us! Indeed, it seems beyond belief that such a reckless disregard of every principle of honor and justice could have occurred under the circumstances, or, having occurred, could have been tolerated. To be sure, "Five Points" is tolerated, but it is not very doubtful if the most degraded creature there capable of understanding the nature of the conduct of the *Times* would not recoil at the idea of being the instrument of such unmitigated baseness!

It was delightful to witness the course of Mr. Greeley and the *New York Reformer* in relation to this outrage. These gentlemen very publicly acknowledge that sympathy with right which perceives in an insult to one an injury to all, in such an infraction of the laws of virtue and assault on the common sense. But this is an extreme case, and something more is required. How is a person capable of the most loathsome degree of meanness (at least so it appears by your showing, I never read his paper)—an editor, one professing to promote the advancement of others!!! It is undoubtedly true, that in moral tone the editorial department (as such) of our country is far below that of their readers whom it affects to elevate. It requires more than common firmness to resist the temptations of their position. To advertise a nostrum believed to be the unprincipled attempt of quacks or others to impose on mankind is, in the opinion of many, one step toward that degree of corruption which renders so many of our periodicals merely tools of the interest of unscrupulous parties behind the puppet of an editor.

But still the case of the *Times* remains extraordinary. It presents gratuitous depravity and baseness of the very lowest description. It would be interesting, and doubtless useful too, to know its antecedents. There must be something highly peculiar about them. Such ripeness could never have been attained in an ordinary climate. It is quite possible, too, that with a knowledge of these, an infelicity of circumstances might appear that would dispel all indignation, and attract in its stead an exercise of tender charities. If such be the case, justice to the *Times* most particularly demands the exposure, and whether it is or not, such an anomaly should not be left unexplained, if explanation is possible. If

their history can be got at, and you have time for the object, it is not risking much to say, there is not a reader of the TELEGRAPH but would be interested in the narrative.

A stranger ventures the suggestion, and is very respectfully your obedient servant.

H. P. J.

We would inform our correspondent that the *Times* has never made any explanation, nor so much as attempted a reply. Some quakers when cornered take to a tree; others prefer dense darkness and common dust to clear light and pure air, and these burrow themselves in the earth. It is only necessary to add, that the same is essentially true of bipeds, and that the *Times*, true to its instincts, effected its escape by the latter mode. It is well, for when error, intolerance, and falsehood bury themselves, we are spared the disagreeable necessity of personal attendance on their obsequies.—Ed.

## FACTS AND REMARKS.

REVELATION OF MURDER BY A SPIRIT.—At a recent Conference at this office there was present an excellent trance-medium from Springfield, Mass. Sitting with him on one side, so as to elude general observation, a gentleman took him by the hand, and he soon went into the interior state. A Spirit then took possession of him who gave her name as "Mary," and then proceeded to give the following account of herself: She said she had formerly lived in the Bowery in this city; that she was courted by a man whose first name was "John," and was by him seduced; that this person afterward refused to marry her according to his previous promise; that, being desirous to get rid of her, he came after her one evening with a sleigh, and took her out on the Bloomingdale road, and that coming to an open lot where there was a well, he drove into the lot and took her, and, by main force, pitched her headlong down the well, and she was drowned. (The medium then began to gurgle at the throat, and choke, and manifest every symptom exhibited in the process of drowning.) She said that this transaction happened about seven years ago, and that her seducer and murderer (whose full name she refused to give) had formerly belonged to a Shaker community, and that he himself was now in the Spirit-world, where he had been some two years. We gave this statement for what it is worth, without expressing any opinion in respect to its verity. The communication, in our judgment, was undoubtedly a spiritual one, whether true or untrue, and should any one hereafter identify the statement with actual occurrences happening six or seven years ago the coming winter, then the statement will assume a high importance as viewed in more aspects than one.

AN IRRESISTIBLE PROOF.—A couple of ladies, sisters, in this city were inveterate skeptics in respect to spiritual manifestations, ridiculing the very idea as unworthy of being entertained by a sensible mind. A gentleman of our acquaintance recently met, at our office, an excellent trance-medium who was on a visit to this city from Springfield, Mass. Observing the medium's qualifications, the gentleman, without knowing him or even ascertaining his name, said to him, "Come, go with me," and took him to the residence of the two unbelieving ladies above referred to. He said to them, "Sit down and take this man's hand, and you will see some proof of spiritual intercourse." With some difficulty one of the ladies was induced to comply with the request, the other refusing to move in the matter entirely. Being seated, the medium soon went into the trance state, and saw and described a Spirit whom the two ladies at once recognized as their deceased mother. He correctly told how long she had been in the Spirit-world, with other matters tending to identify her as their deceased parent. After furnishing this description, he apparently became possessed by the Spirit described, who, using his organs, assumed the attitude and motions of sewing, and said, "You remember, my children, that when I was alive I used to wet my thread just in this way"—accompanied the words with an appropriate action. So overpowering was this proof of the mother's identity, that the two ladies burst in tears, but still being opposed to any intercourse with Spirits, though no longer able to resist the proof of its reality, they fell to upbraiding our friend for disturbing the repose of the dead!

A WARNING.—Some six or seven years ago there was an old man residing in Southold, L. I., of the name of Glover. His house was situated in a by-place where few persons were accustomed to pass, and after the death of his wife, which happened some months before his own death, he lived in perfect solitude. One night as he lay in bed he heard under his window a sound as of low music, and afterward heard a voice speak to him and distinctly say, "Leave this place." He knew not what to think of the voice, and at first imagined that some person was at his window endeavoring to frighten him, though it was improbable that any one would have come so far to that solitary place for so insignificant an object. Besides, in looking out of his windows he could discover no one. The next night as he lay in bed, the same warning voice was repeated—"Leave this place." On the third night it was heard for the third time, when the old man was convinced of its preternatural origin, and felt that he must not disregard it. The next day, therefore, he ordered his things to be carted to the house of a relative with whom he proposed to reside thereafter. On the evening of that same day, after the old man had gone to bed, he was heard to cough and strangle, and when a member of the family went to him, he was found entirely dead! It was no doubt predetermined that he should die that night, and the kindly warning was probably intended to bring him among his friends, who would properly dispose of his remains, whereas had he died in his solitude, with his doors all locked, his body would not probably have been discovered for months afterward.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION OF SPIRIT-POWER.—A gentleman on whose word implicit reliance may be placed, relates to us that being at a spiritual circle in Brooklyn a few evenings ago, a person present requested the Spirits to push the table against him. No sooner was the request made than the table, which no one was touching at the time, came against him with such violence as to smash to pieces a pair of eye-glasses suspended by a chain from his neck, and hanging against his breast. It was then suggested that our friend should place his feet against the wall at its junction with the floor, to keep them from slipping, and then, with his hands against the table, see if with all his might he could move it back. He did so, and exerted his utmost force, but was unable to move the table an inch, though it rested on castors, and ordinarily moved with great ease, and neither the medium nor any one else touched it. (Our friend weighs over two hundred pounds, and possesses great muscular power.) After this latter experiment he got on the top of the table, when the Spirits, by request, moved him all around the room, the medium, as before, not touching the table. Such manifestations of force are certainly not to be accounted for on any hypothesis of material or involuntary agency hitherto thought of.

A SPIRIT-SEER QUAKERS.—The office of Dr. Orton and Randolph, of this city, was recently visited by an aged Quakeress of some eighty years, but who was still vigorous and apparently in full possession of her faculties. In the course of her conversation she said that about the year 1845 she had been, one afternoon, to a meeting, and, returning home while deeply sensible of the influence of the Spirit, she saw a luminous appearance in her room, which gradually grew more definite until it assumed the form of a beautiful angel. At another time she was in great trouble concerning certain matters, and while brooding over the cause of the disquiet, she saw first a human hand; presently she saw an arm attached to it, and finally she saw the full form of a tall Spirit-man whom she recognized. The apparition put his hand upon her and said, "I will be thy friend," and then receded backward with his face still turned toward her until he finally disappeared, leaving her in a peaceful and happy frame of mind. Quakers of former years not unfrequently had experiences of this kind, the reality of which was universally believed among them; but in latter times they have quite generally fallen back into the materialism and unfaith of other portions of the church and the world.

TABLE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY.—Dr. J. F. Gray, of this city, relates the following singular case of table-moving which occurred at his house some time ago: A circle which had assembled had been consulting with the Spirits, but had then withdrawn from the table and were conversing with each other. While totally unexpecting any further spiritual phenomena, the table, which was standing about twenty-five feet from the person nearest to it, started upon its castors and rolled directly to them, the circle opening and receiving it in its midst as it approached. After this a small sofa, which was also standing at some distance from them, was carried bodily through the air and set down in their midst by an invisible power, when, by striking with one end upon the floor, it spelled out a communication to them. Wonder where the table and sofa got their "involuntary powers of mind" to do these things?



## THE LATE SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

We were unable to attend the recent Convention at Boston, and therefore compile our report of the proceedings from other papers. We are chiefly indebted to the Boston Weekly Journal and the Christian Spiritualist, of this city.

Agreeably to a published call, the "Spiritualists" of Boston and vicinity assembled in convention at the Melodeon Sunday forenoon. The meeting was called to order at the appointed hour by Mr. Alonzo E. Newton, of this city, who read the "call," and in a few remarks, stated that it was deemed advisable to devote the time during the forenoon to general and free talk, and hearing the opinions of the brethren, etc. As one of the Committee, and for the purpose of effecting a temporary organization of the Convention, Mr. Newton called for the nomination of a Chairman, which resulted in the choice of Mr. S. C. Hewitt.

Professor Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, was the next speaker, and engaged the attention of the audience for a considerable time in explaining the laws and phenomena of electricity and its relations to the current spiritual manifestations.

He was followed by Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, at the close of whose remarks the Convention adjourned till afternoon.

In the afternoon a crowded auditory assembled at the Melodeon to witness the initiatory exercises on the opening of that hall for meetings of the Spiritualists. The address on the occasion was given by ALLEN FURNACE, Esq., of Roxbury, and was an elaborate and ably prepared vindication of freedom of thought and investigation in every department of truth. The exercises were continued in the evening, when a carefully prepared dissertation was given by A. E. Newton, of Boston, on the proper position of science in true religious teaching. He was followed by Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, who detailed the scientific experiments which had been instituted by himself for the purpose of demonstrating the non-spiritual origin of the phenomena, but which had resulted in making him a convert to the spiritual theory, and in giving him proof of a future existence, in which he had never before believed. The venerable philosopher professed that he had been rendered much happier by these evidences.

Rev. J. S. Loveland, of Charlestown, presented an address on the relations of Spiritualism to science and philosophy, which displayed much thought and a ready acquaintance with metaphysics and philosophy. The Spiritualists have surely made a good beginning.

The Convention met again Monday. There were from seventy-five to one hundred persons present. The meeting was called to order at half-past ten by S. C. Hewitt, and a committee of five, of which John Orvis was chairman, was appointed to nominate permanent officers.

Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, gave an account of his conversion to Spiritualism, and said that he had been urged by his Spiritual friends to let his light shine before the world. He said, in the course of his remarks, that he thought the Spirits had been too hasty in attempting to force a belief in this subject, before the public have had sufficient evidence. He explained, in regard to demonstrations, that when the conditions are not right, the spirits can not produce the manifestation. He wanted this Convention to result in producing some demonstrations which will affect the public generally.

The committee then reported for officers as follows:

For President. Dr. H. P. Gardner, of Boston.  
For Vice-Presidents. H. H. Day, of New York; Eliza J. Kenny, of Salem; Mr. Neal, of Virginia; Professor Hare, of Philadelphia; Benj. H. Harris, of Rhode Island; Jonathan Buffum, of Lynn; R. P. Wilson, of Ohio; Rufus Elmer, of Springfield; J. Miner, of New York.  
For Secretaries. S. C. Hewitt, of Boston; Mary P. Trask, of Cambridge; J. H. Fowler, of Harvard University.

A business and a finance committee were also appointed.

At this stage of the proceedings, the committee appointed to prepare the business of the Session appeared, and reported the following Resolutions and Resolutions:

Whereas: We entertain the conviction that the now, wide-spread spiritual movement of the age is to result in something more than the production of startling phenomena—something more than the demonstration of immortality and the opening of pleasant intercourse with friends who have passed on to the spiritual realm—namely, in the institution of practical measures for the physical, social, and spiritual elevation and progress of humanity, and the impartation of superior wisdom that shall secure success—

And whereas: We believe that the time has arrived for a clear and comprehensive declaration of the aims, principles, and methods, in order that the friends of Truth and Progress, universally on earth, may be brought into sympathetic and unitary co-operation with each other, and with the intelligence of the higher spheres, for the redemption of man, therefore—

Resolved, That as Spiritualists and friends of Human Progress we accept the following as a statement in brief of our ultimate aims:

First.—The development of the individual man and his harmonization with Nature in true Art and Industry.

Second.—The harmonization of man with man in true society.

Third.—The harmonization of man with God in true religion.

In short, we look to nothing less than the complete inauguration of the kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Resolved, That the methods by which these results are to be obtained must be the dissemination of light on all man's relations, and earnest endeavors to embody and realize the Truth, so far as possible, in practical life; in other words, to promulgate the true principles and to co-operate in a true Society.

Resolved, That in the spiritual unfoldings of our time we recognize a most efficient and essential instrumentality for the promotion of those aims. First—in their tendency to enfranchise mind from bondage to the Past. Second—in their influence in opening channels for the influx of superior wisdom; and third—in their harmonizing power over the individual mind.

Resolved, therefore, That the spiritual manifestations, now to a great extent in the hands of those who turn them to merely private account, and mingled with much of imperfection and grossness, arising necessarily from the imperfect conditions under which they are produced, should be elevated from the low plane of idle curiosity and personal amusement, and furnished with conditions for teaching their own startling lessons in the most effective manner. Also, the instrumentalities of promulgation, by means of books, papers, and lectures, should be freed from taxation from private interest, and be furnished to the world at the lowest cost.

It was further resolved that the objects comprehended in the preceding resolutions might be realized by the means suggested in the call—a specific statement of the same has already appeared in the TELEGRAPH—the substance of which may be thus briefly recapitulated:

"An institution for the development of media on scientific principles; increased facilities for witnessing all phases of the manifestations; a publishing establishment: a Home which shall combine superior social attractions, with the means of living, on true hygienic and economical principles."

After comprehending the above in detail, under the head of the 5th Resolution, the following were read, accepted, and adopted:

Resolved, That the preliminary steps taken by brothers Dr. H. P. Gardner and John Orvis, their personal responsibility, to furnish the loan-money requisite, by opening the Fountain House in Boston, as a Spiritual Home, is worthy of hearty approval and of all necessary substantial aid, and that we have confidence that any assistance rendered by way of donations to the enterprise, loans on security, or by subscription in advance, to be repaid in privilege at the House, will be wisely applied to the furtherance of the general object contemplated.

Resolved, In view of the dearth of the system of promulgation, as contemplated by the fifth resolution, that a committee of six be appointed to draft a plan for organization, to be submitted to this Convention.

Pursuant to the object of 7th Resolution the following-named persons were constituted a committee to prepare a plan for the organization of the Spiritual Home: A. E. Newton, of Boston; Rev. Mr. Loveland, of Charlestown; Mr. Tooley, of New York; Eliza J. Kenney, of Salem; Mr. Wilson, of Ohio; J. Orvis, of Roxbury.

The session of the Convention did not afford the Committee on Organization a suitable opportunity to mature their plan, and accordingly the following general resolutions were submitted, and on their adoption said Committee was authorized to defer the report until the next session of the Convention:

Resolved, That as Spiritualists we recognize all agitation and discussion on this subject; as tending to the development and culmination of the social union among men, which, while it is the most practical answer to the prayer of Jesus, embodies the better hopes and desires of the good and true of all times, classes, and nations.

Resolved, That we recognize the principle of co-operative effort, as the basis of all true progress, and as being sanctioned by the wise communications from the Spirit-world; and to accomplish the ultimate of this principle in practical life, we recommend the formation of a co-operative association with such rules and regulations as shall best secure the end proposed in the Resolutions now before the Convention, to wit: a "Unity Home"—attractive social life, living at cost, spiritual manifestations free from charge, the publication of books, papers, and tracts at the lowest cost.

We have not space to report the remarks of the different speakers who addressed the Convention. While the resolutions of the different Committees were pending, S. C. Hewitt, of the New Era, and J. H. W. Tooley, present editor of the New York Christian Spiritualist, appear to have been most prominent in the discussion. Among the other persons who took part in the deliberations we may record the names of Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia; Rufus Elmer, of Springfield; Rev. R. P. Wilson, of Ohio; J. H. Fowler, John McClure, J. Orvis, A. E. Newton, and Rev. J. C. Loveland. Messrs. Fowler and McClure did not altogether approve of the action of the Convention, but opposed the passage of several of the resolutions.

## Original Communications.

## POETIC INSPIRATION SPIRITUAL.

The following letter from an esteemed correspondent, and the accompanying poems, have been delayed for some time owing to the crowded state of our columns and other circumstances. These contributions, however, are not of passing and ephemeral interest—such articles have precedence, because they are perishable—and on this account, if for no other reason, our friends will pardon the delay and accept the assurance that we hold their favors in proper estimation.—Ed.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

Sirs—I think it would be pleasing to your numerous readers—those of a poetical turn more especially—if an invitation was extended to some one qualified, to give a dissertation, through the TELEGRAPH, on the philosophy of poetic inspiration. From my observation, the taste for real poetry is rapidly increasing throughout the civilized world; and I believe it attributable in a great degree to the spiritual manifestations which have been operating more freely for a time past than formerly, notwithstanding we were not made fully conscious of it until within a few years. I can well remember when myself had not the least taste whatever for poetry, but since experimenting in, and investigating Mesmerism, Psychology, and Spiritualism, it is the first thing I look for now in picking up reading matter, and I feel that desire increasing daily. There is a something in good poetry which tends to inspire the feelings beyond anything in any other style of composition, and if some one competent would give a plausible philosophy of it, it no doubt would be both pleasing and instructive to all who are inclined that way.

I believe the culminating agency operating both now and in all time past, to be spiritual, and none other, in the production of all really and truly poetic effusions.

I can not agree with the opinion of Poe—as given by himself in his chapter on the philosophy of composition—that the act of constructing a good poem is problematical, requiring time for both mechanical and mathematical solution. It possibly may have been so in his case, but I do not believe it would be applicable to one case in a thousand. I have conversed with many good poets, and find them invariably to say that they can not sit down at any time they may choose and independently take their own time—as we would in writing a piece of prose—to write a piece of good poetry; that they are dependent on some mysterious influence which takes possession of them for the time being, compelling them, seemingly, to write, and that if they do not attend to it immediately they lose it. Ask them if they have an idea in what way they are so gifted in this matter, and they will answer No, unless it is some genius they are blessed with above others of their fellow-creatures, peculiarly favorable to poetic effusions.

Now I firmly believe the only plausible and rational solution of the philosophy of poetic inspiration is, that all true poets are invariably influenced in full and dictated in part by poetic spirits, and that their poetry is imbued with their own views, opinions, and sentiments in proportion as they submit to or resist the dictation of that influence—that it is superior or inferior in proportion as their organization is favorable or unfavorable for a medium, together with the qualifications of the spirit influencing at the time—that it will partake of the spiritual in proportion as the medium submits—that even in case the subject is not spiritual at the commencement, it will, in most cases, be turned to spiritual account before finished, with proper submission. I just now remember of reading an account not long since of a certain poet being asked why he did not write more of that superior poetry of which he had as yet written but little, and his reply was, that he had written all that he was ever influenced to write. But fearing that I may be replying in part to the above invitation, which I am desirous of having extended to some one more competent than myself, I will close by saying that I will send you enclosed with this a number of pieces of poetry written by a poetess in our town before she embraced Spiritualism, for the purpose of substantiating in part some of my opinions advanced above. You will readily see that they all partake more or less of the spiritual, as I am aware the most of her poetry does, and I attribute it to her being at those times rather submissive than dictatorial. The "Song of Freedom," although lengthy, was written unexpectedly to herself, she informs me, between the hours of half-past nine and eleven in the evening, the subject having been suggested to her only a few minutes before she was influenced to commence it, evidently showing that she had no time for mechanical and mathematical consideration; and its merits any one can learn from reading it. This is in no wise an isolated case in my experience and observations, and the more I consider the subject the more firm I become in the views I have advanced above; but if my views are erroneous, and any one can give a philosophy more plausible and reasonable, I would be pleased to hear it.

Mrs. A. L. J. as a poetess, is, in the opinion of some competent to judge, quite equal to L. E. L. (now deceased), and by others quite equal to any in America; and I, in my humble judgment, would not hesitate for a moment to endorse those opinions. She will, no doubt, some time hence—if her life is spared—offer a collection exclusively her own to the public, which in my humble opinion will be a great desideratum in that line.

The spiritual cause is just now with us quietly and faithfully doing its work, and many feel to rejoice over its spread among us. The extreme opposition has ceased with us, and the heaven here, as elsewhere, is working in various ways, and will in time no doubt leave the whole lump.

Yours, fraternally, C. B. THOMPSON.  
St. Catharines, C. W., 1864.

To enable the numerous friends of our correspondent to preserve complete copies of the subjoined poems, we have concluded to publish them together in this number, feeling assured that we can not well occupy the space they require in a more acceptable manner to a large and intelligent class of our readers.

Mrs. Lawrie writes beautiful verses, whatever may be the source of her inspiration, and we are pleased to furnish a basket for her jewels, which are clear and sparkling as dew-drops in the morning light.—Ed.

## EARLY DREAMS.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

The first pure dreams of early youth,  
Of trusting faith, and love, and truth,  
Are not illusions all, and vain,  
That never bless our hearts again;  
The beings of those blessed dreams  
Come back to earth like star-light gleams,  
When the long sultry summer day  
Has stolen the flowers' first bloom away,  
And like soft dew and star-light hours,  
Bring back the bloom to hope's pale flowers;

And mingling with those visioned ones  
Are friends, who come with kindly tones  
In life's dark days, and now their eyes  
Are stars that light our dream-land skies.  
We meet them in strange phantom-ships;  
Sweet thoughts are smiling in their lips;  
We deem them dead—estranged perhaps;  
Nor less the joy that mystery wraps  
Our meeting thus. Their eyes reveal  
The past and future; all we feel  
Is pure delight, as in life's torn,  
Ere yet for us one grief was born;  
Our Spirit-life is wrapped in bliss;  
We know not, ask not, wherefore this,  
Nor deem it strange that we should be  
Borne with them o'er a waveless sea,  
Nor deem it strange our joy hath grown  
Without our task; yet all our own,  
Without the fear and wasting strife  
That chill the day-dreams of our life.  
All, all are there we treasure most,  
And friends we deemed estranged or lost,  
All come; we thought they might forget  
To whisper hope. They loves us yet,  
And lure us with their calm sweet smiles,  
To seek the shores of fair green isles,  
And rest with them, while sweetly they  
Yet oftentimes sadly seem to say,  
"Will ye forget us in long years,  
Sweet friends, though memory bring but tears?  
Will ye forget where we have loved—  
How long, how truly we have loved?  
How faithful we to meet ye thus,  
Though sun-light hours must never us?"  
Dear Spirit-friends, within our eyes,  
Our souls ye see without disguise;  
Read ye not there our truth and love,  
That future time shall changeless prove?  
And are not these best messengers given,  
An earnest of our life in heaven?  
Doth not their clear sweet memory give  
Our hearts in anguish joy to live;  
And say to sin, and fear, and strife,  
Ye may not blight our future life?  
Tell us, bright friends, and bring for aye,  
From the fair land wherein ye dwell,  
To light our hearts some little ray,  
Till earth has claimed our last farewell.

## SONG OF FREEDOM.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

From the ocean deep and solemn,  
From the forest dark and lone,  
In the changing morn's commotion,  
Hear ye not a prophetic tone?  
See ye not the flash of wings?  
Hear ye not their whisperings?  
List! they tell of coming things;  
Bring us visions soft and bright,  
Flooding earth with heavenly light;  
List ye, list the angel's flight!

Voices on the winds are bearing,  
From the glorious eastern lands,  
Heralds of the morn that's breaking,  
Waking slaves to rend their bands;  
Waking mind that long hath slumbered,  
Where are gleaming pearls unnumbered;  
Truth enshrining, long encumbered—  
Bringing back the blessed time,  
When the earth in lovely prime,  
Smiled, a welcome guest, on time.

Long have reigned the tyrant hirelings,  
Earth hath groined in bondage long;  
But the winds have stirred the willows,  
Waked the harp's prophetic song;  
Waked the harp that long hath hung  
Where the mists of ages hung  
Mazy veils the chords among;  
And the tones on breezy wings,  
Thrilling prophets, priests, and kings,  
Whisper of truth's blossoming.

From the spoiler—from the oppressor—  
Hear ye not the voice of peace?  
List again, the tones are coming,  
Bringing weary ones release;  
Truth will triumph—will not yield—  
Wrong and error, 'tis revealed,  
All shall flee—this motor is sealed;  
Ever onward truth shall glide,  
Like the ocean's churning tide,  
Sweeping doctrines defiled.

Fast the glorious days are hastening,  
Herald tones speed their flight,  
Morn is breaking—night receding—  
Eyes unvail are flashing light,  
Brightly now the shadows pass,  
Where a dark and gliding mass  
Mingled o'er the misty glass;  
Prophets, priests, and kings have bowed,  
Wrapped in truth's effulgent cloud—  
Old oppression's burial shroud.

List! a voice of love is stealing  
Where the fire and storm have passed,  
Teaching to unclasp the fetters  
Forged by man to sear and blast;  
Stars of promise greet the world—  
Idle from their thrones are hurled—  
Truth her banner has unfurled;  
Flooding with her light the years,  
Sweeping far the slavish tears,  
Born and nursed in blood and tears.

Hail we then the angel-wings,  
Stirring fountains everywhere;  
Binding hearts with golden chains,  
Flinging incense in the air;  
Hail we then the prophet-voices—  
In the crash of crumbling thrones—  
In false doctrine's dying groans;  
Sing we then the triumph-song,  
Swell the chorus loud and long,  
Right shall triumph over wrong.

## THE SPIRIT'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

Bird of the wilderness, why art thou here,  
And wherefore the song thou art singing to-night?  
Is thy bower in the forest grown faded and serene,  
And seekest thou spring in thy tremulous flight?

Seer of the Spirit-realm, why dost thou ask  
Of my tremulous flight and the notes of my song?  
For well thou divinest what tempted the task,  
And wherefore from earth I have wandered so long.

The summer is young in my beautiful home,  
And the air is perfumed with the wealth of its flowers;  
And not for the verdure of spring have I come,  
And I seek not repose in the shade of thy bowers.

But oft in the hush of the twilight-loving night,  
And oft in the soul-waking music of morn,  
A vision of beauty hath dawned on my sight,  
A fairer than ever of earth may be born.

Of this I would ask, oh, thou truth-loving seer,  
Is this light of my soul but a fanciful dream;  
Or yet shall I find in some radiant sphere,  
The love that to earth lent its messenger beam?  
Shall the beings that people this visional land,  
When I am disrobed of the vestments of earth,  
Remember and hail me as one of their band,  
And crown me with love at my glorious birth?  
Shall the sun that I saw there illumine my soul,  
Till the impress of thought on each radiant face,  
An answer awake with no fear to control,  
Though angels the eloquent language may trace?  
Oh, say! shall the germ that in infancy bloomed  
On earth, though its leaves by the tempest were torn,  
Be darkened by sin, and forever entombed  
In the desert of death, for life's fountain to mourn?

Ask the sun if forever, since first he arose,  
He returned not at eve the embrace of the west;  
And ask the wild river that ocean-wave flows,  
If ever the ocean refused it a rest?

Ask of earth, when the spring-zephyrs over her breathe,  
If ever she prothet untrue to her trust,  
And giveth not garlands of green to inwreath,  
And nurseth not flowers in her bosom of dust?

Thy answer is written; go, truth-seeker, read  
In the fitness and beauty that everywhere blend;  
Let the God-written page of the universe plead,  
Be its language prophetic thy peace-giving friend.

## SONG OF THE HEART AT THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

Wake thy sad numbers, O spirit of poetry!  
One that did worship thee slumbereth now—  
Lips that were warm with the music thou lovest,  
Are cold as the seal that has frozen her brow!

Wake thy sad numbers—thy beautiful temple  
Is shrouded in gloom from the light of the sun—  
Gather the flowers of thy worshiper's tending,  
And wreath her a garland—the tribute is won.

Take ye her mantle—she weareth a brighter,  
And fold it as kindly another around;  
And ask of the sleeper thy gift for another,  
For more than thou gavest her spirit has found.

Whisper it softly—thy lovers are listening;  
What are the notes she is singing above—  
Waiteth she nevermore now for thy teaching—  
Or singeth she always the songs that we love?

Givest thou gladness where now is her dwelling,  
And there is thy music unmingled with strife;  
Whisper it softly—thy lovers are listening!  
Springeth thy fount by the river of life?

## THE CONFERENCE AT THIS OFFICE.

[REPORTED FOR THE TELEGRAPH.]

[Mr. PARTRIDGE gave a general invitation to any one present to speak, especially would he invite strangers and those not accustomed to address the Conference.]

An intelligent gentleman, who has never before addressed the Conference at our office, came forward and presented some new views, and we are glad to be able to present a condensed report to our readers.

The speaker said, that, having been engaged but three years in the investigation of Spiritualism, and having attended but 300 to 400 circles, he did not feel fully competent to instruct the meeting, and would, therefore, confine himself to such facts or theories as had been communicated by spirits, not vouching for their truthfulness, but merely offering them as a synopsis of communications. All matter in its original state was dilute; if every million of cubic miles in space contained one grain of iron, then, as there was no end to space, there would be enough iron to build a new universe. We sometimes smell iron, copper, etc., and thus know of extreme division. In the chaotic period all space was thus filled with dilated matter, which was composed of all the simples which chemists now tell us make up the ultimates of all matter, about sixty in number; each such ultimate of this dilated matter is accompanied by, and associated with, spirit, which spirit may be viewed as life-principle, law, motor, divine Spirit, divine Man, God.

All matter is subject by progressive, inherent law, to motion, and motion arranges masses by the exercise of the same law, always in union, and sub and surface are contracted by this inherent and progressive law. The whole then, under the influences which govern the laws now known as attraction, repulsion, centrifugal and centripetal law, becomes a sphere; this segregates and throws off the heavier particles, forming a belt like Saturn's, which belt, by the concretion of the center and of itself, eventually becomes comet-like, and then spherical; thus being a satellite to the first, continual repetition gives us, thus, a sun and system. Millions of such systems exist. Our earth so formed and our moon thrown from it. The earth was solidified, its crust cooled, the granite formed, other rocks, in the molten state, broke through it, forming new strata, until the whole stratification was developed.

The rocks then commenced their disintegration, soils were formed, masses grew, their carbon received from the atmosphere; soil improved by their decay, and a farther progression in vegetable life followed. Animal life began and gradually progressed from the lowest animal, the sponge, to man.

The rocks contain all the simples and their accompanying spirit, but no one rock contains them all; the plants and animals contain them all, but not one plant contains more than 15 of the 60, and no animal contains them all but man. The speaker then showed the progression of all things to be constant and in accordance with natural law; that the combination of the spirit of ultimates produced new functions not common to the ultimates; that man was an epitome of all matter and of all spirit, but not in just relative proportions; that these differences, in proportions, constituted the differences in man; that God was the representative of all matter and all spirit, and hence, in precise perfection, constituted law and order, with their consequence, progression of the parts. We hope, at an early day, to publish a more full report of these remarks, which were highly interesting.

Mr. Courtney says, long indulgence in one kind of food is well known to produce unhealthy results; the same is true of spiritual food; that, too, should be diversified. If we do not attend to this we shall be unhealthy or unhappy in spirit. Now, what has been the nature of our spiritual food? I was poisoned from my mother's knee, and must get rid of the effect of this, as we do of physical disease or poisons. Every faculty of the spirit requires its appropriate food.

Now, a prime want of any human soul is an assurance of its future. This is being supplied by the development of modern Spiritualism. No man can be happy without the assurance of his continued existence and growing happiness.

Hell-fire is not the ailment to support a human soul at the health standard. He could speak from a sad experience on that point. He had been dwarfed, and starved, and made miserable on that diet, and had rejected it, and the change had affected his body as well as his soul. It had altered his countenance as well as his hopes.

Dr. Gray suggested that the means by which spirits were able to select the names, the relationship, etc., written upon folded slips of paper, as is frequently done at Mr. Conklin's, might be found in a fact well known to readers of Swedenborg and experts in clairvoyance, to wit: that the sphere of the person honestly engaged in the pursuit of truth, entered into, and pervaded the paper so perfectly and unmistakably, as to enable the spirit unerringly to select the name.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The following interesting incidents, connected with the last hours of the author of the Declaration of Independence, were communicated to the TELEGRAPH by our friend William S. Wait, of Greenville, Ill. They will be read with interest by all, but especially by Spiritualists.—Ed.

COINCIDENCES—What and how are they? By design? By accident? Are they preordained? Are they a mere hodge-podge of events with accidental juxtapositions? I can tell nothing about their essential character or meaning; but they are sometimes very odd, very curious, seemingly miraculous.

The death of this friend to the human family took place in the summer of 1826.

When the 3d of July arrived, upon inquiring with some solicitude the day of the month, he expressed a fervent desire to live till the next day, that he "might breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary, when he would joyfully sing with old Simeon, 'Nunc dimittis, Domine.'"

When the morning of the 4th came, he expressed a desire that he might live until mid-day. He seemed perfectly at ease, and ready to die, calmly giving directions for his funeral, and forbidding all pomp and parade. A few moments after, he called his family and friends around his bedside, and uttered distinctly the following sentence: "I have done for my country, and for all mankind, all that I could do, and now I resign my soul without fear to my God—my daughter to my country." These were the last words he articulated. Nothing was afterward heard from him but the scarcely audible accents of his favorite ejaculation, "Nunc dimittis, Domine." He sunk away imperceptibly, and breathed his last, without a struggle or a murmur, at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, on the great JUBILEE of American liberty—the day and hour, too, on which the Declaration of Independence received its final reading, and the day and hour on which he had prayed to Heaven that he might be permitted to depart.

Was not the hand of God most affectingly displayed in this event, as if to add another to the multiplied proofs of His special superintendence over this happy country? On the anniversary of a day the most distinguished in the annals of mankind, on its fiftieth anniversary, and in merciful fulfillment of his last earthly prayer, he closed his eyes. Few of the miracles recorded in the Sacred Writings are more conspicuous or imposing. Mark, again, the extraordinary protraction of physical existence manifested in the last moments of Mr. Jefferson, as if to render the coincidence more striking and beautifully complete. At 8 o'clock p.m., on the 3d of July, his physicians pronounced that he might be expected to die in any quarter of an hour from that time. Yet he lived seventeen hours longer, without any evident pain, or suffering, or restlessness; with sensibility, consciousness, and intelligence, for much more than twelve hours of that time; and at last gradually subsided into insensibility like a lamp which had shone throughout a long, dark night, spreading far and wide its beneficent rays, yet still lingering to usher in the broad daylight upon mankind.

Never was this nation more profoundly impressed than by the occurrence of this event. Instead of being viewed in the light of a calamity, there was not a heart which did not feel a mournful pleasure at the miraculous beauty of such a death. All business was suspended as the intelligence spread through the land. Minute guns were fired, the bells sounded a funeral note, the flags of the shipping fell half-mast, and every demonstration of profound feeling was displayed.

But five hours afterward, on the same day! died JOHN ADAMS. In the same mighty spirit also, with the last words, "Independence for ever," and "Jefferson survives." The extraordinary coincidence in the death of these great men is without a parallel in the records of history. Could any doubts have been harbored of their sincere devotion to their country while living, they must surely have been dissipated forever by the time and manner of their death. One, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the other its champion and defender on the floor of Congress, and the only two survivors of the Committee appointed to prepare that instrument—another and powerful confirmation was thus added, that "Heaven itself mingled visibly in the celebration of American Liberty, hallowing anew the day by a double apotheosis."

They were great and glorious in their lives; in death they were not divided. It was indeed a fit occasion for the deepest public feeling. Happening singly, each of these events was felt as supernatural; happening together, the astonishment which they occasioned was general and almost overwhelming.

The above interesting narrative of the last hours of Jefferson, with its beautiful and extraordinary coincidences, is from a Life of Jefferson, by Rayner, published in 1834, in a small and unpretending volume, written in the spirit of a true disciple of that great and good man; and pronounced by the "historian of America," the only Life of Jefferson.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

We regret to learn, as we do from a recent note from Bro. Harris, that his beloved companion is failing rapidly, and that little or no hope of her recovery is now entertained. The flesh is weak, but the spirit is more serene and hopeful than ever before.

R. P. WILSON lectured at Doddworth's Academy last Sunday; subject in the forenoon, "Spirituality" and Spiritualism as a means of unfolding man's moral nature. In the evening Mr. Wilson dwelt on the general subject of Inspiration and the laws of Spiritual Intercourse. The meetings were well attended. The Conference in the afternoon was well attended, and the occasion was one of considerable interest.

We wish to call the reader's attention to the advertisement of T. J. Ellinwood, which will be found on our last page. Mr. E. will be remembered as the phonographic reporter whose name formerly appeared over the weekly reports of the New York Conference.

P. B. RANDOLPH, the medical and psychometrical medium, by a misprint in the TELEGRAPH last week, was located at No. 1 Grand Street. His rooms are at one hundred and nine Grand Street.



## Interesting Miscellany.

### WAVE-MOTION.

We take another extract from Rev. T. S. King's letters to the Boston Transcript, from the sea-shore. It is one of the finest displays of word-painting we have ever seen.

The sea had drilled its riotous forces into massive phalanxes and orderly squadrons. In place of the rabble of breakers, billowy battalions were charging the shore. What power, what majesty of motion, what vast beauty of curve and curl! Watch those rolling undulations in the distance. What joy of expectation! See them heave nearer—the liquid valleys deepening, the slopes darkening as they approach—the forward line pushed on till it mounts for its final blow, whitens on the wave, shakes its lifted, threatening, groaning shore. The gurgling foam liberate fury upon the smothered, heaving, and flings itself with de-ferent, as it retreats, by the next line, which rises up in greater pomp; just as it curls, a fresh puff of the land breeze loses a mane of mist from its long array, and like ten thousand horses and horsemen with streaming hair, it rushes with impetuous roar far up the granite ramparts. We can't keep our hats on while the third rank frowns behind it; we swing them with wild delight, to see it gather, and rise, and knit its forces into a threatening column, a quarter of a mile in length; and then we scream impotent cheers as it tumbles its surging thunder, and hurls a mass of briny and bracing fragrance into the air. We exclaimed that it was wrong to have such a sublime exhibition for nothing; and my friend, with enthusiastic waggery, proposed to throw his note for a hundred dollars, at sixty days, into the surf.

How can the splendors of wave-motion that are played off before us be described! Doubtless it is possible. A Turner in rhetoric could do it, as well as a Stanford or a Turner in color. I have no doubt the English language has words which can be so artistically ordered by a master, as to represent the curious surges that sweep in pyramids up those small rocky coasts. They do not bend at the top, and pour out their foam in a crescent cataract. They move up with a vast base, and as they near the shore, the creamy surf rolls over the top, or breaks from the side, as from a liquid volcano venting its fleecy lava, and flows down the blue advancing slope, till the rocks break the whole mass into white-ness. On another spot, the billows try their skill at architecture. A whole line curls up gradually in exquisite scalloped, such as only gusty snow-storms can rival; they counterfeit fantastic volutes of capitals; they suggest, in the pale dancing green of their crests and the springing spray, a thousand graces of ornament, which Corinthian columns have never upheld in marble.

But it is images of battle, pictures of forming squadrons, chivalrous combat, and gallant assault, that keep uppermost in the mind. Sometimes, as they come careering on, in joyous strength, with flashing plumes, the crowning part of the column, its knightly leader to the attack, would be arrested by a sunken rock, and we would see him reel a moment, and then rise as in his stirrups, and deal a more savage blow at his granite enemy. It is a battle, a war of ages—this contest of the billows and the shore. A drawn battle, too, between the passion of the one and the patience of the other. All that the waters wash from the ledges that resist them, displaces its own waves. If the rocks see the surges retreat before them on one shore, the sea is gaining on another coast. A continent sinks in the Pacific, while the valley of the Mississippi is lifted above the sea and drained.—Portland Eclectic.

### A GRAPHIC PICTURE.

Has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and that to come; and can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars and widows, and orphans, and crimes, which people the grave-yard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance, come upon us in one horrid array, it would blood the nation, and put an end to the traffic. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone in the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it? What, if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babbling and contentions, and vice, and groans, and shrieks, and wailing were heard by day and by night? What, if the cold blood oozed out and stood upon the walls; and by preternatural art, all the skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building? who would rear such a building? What, if at eventide and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received the bane; followed the track of the ship engaged in commerce; walking upon the waves; flitting athwart the deck; sitting upon the rigging and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans and loud laments, and wailings? who would attend such stores? who would labor in such distilleries? who would navigate such ships? Oh, when the sky over our heads, one great whispering gallery, brings down upon us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth, one sonorous medium of sound, sends up from beneath the wailings of those the commerce of ardent spirits had sent thither; these tremendous realities assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are real, as if the stones did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it; as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghostly forms of the departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries and we may add breweries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth about us a passage for the wailing of despair to come up from beneath.—H. W. Beecher.

**PERPETUAL MOTION.**—Mr. James G. Hendrickson, of Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey, "has gone and done it." After 49 years of patient "whittling," he has made a machine that will not only "go of itself," but will compel divers other bodies to which it is attached, to go likewise; in short, it has power! The success is in the direction in which so many have so long labored in vain, viz., by the use of arms and balls attached to a cylinder so as to keep the extra weight always on one side, and therefore to give the cylinder a constant inclination to turn round. The machine requires no starting; take away the blocks, and it goes off "like a thing of life." The model was in our office yesterday, and attached to some clock-work, which it turned without once stopping to breathe. We see no reason why it would not go until worn out. Whether on a larger scale the principle would be available, we are not prepared to say; it would be rather awkward to manage at first, as the power could not be turned off, and it would have to be managed like a kitchen horse, i. e., either "hitheled," or held by the bridle. If it should "take to going fast," we think the contingent force acquired by the balls would prevent their rolling back to the center; but of this we can judge better when it is put to its speed. Mr. Hendrickson will take some steps to remunerate himself for his years of trial, and it is probable will before long exhibit his model at some place in the city, where the curious may satisfy themselves of its merits. After a careful examination, we can safely say, in all seriousness, that the propelling power is self-contained and self-adjusting, and gives a sufficiently active force to carry ordinary clock-work, and all without any winding up or replenishing.—Journal of Commerce.

**A NEW FRENCH FLOREL WONDER.**—For some time past the scientific world has been busied with the preparation and staining of woods—hardening or coloring them at will; infusing certain salts or mingling some liquid preparation with their sap. We have now something better than all this. A lady artist who has attained high rank in the branch of flower painting—Madame Leprieux de Beaufort, a pupil of Redoute, and granddaughter of the former secretary of Louis XVI.—has discovered a mode of perpetual preservation—we may call it *instantaneously nummying*—both trees and flowers. Thanks to her process, a tree may now be kept ever green, and flowers always fresh and brilliant! M. Ganneu, who dried up in order to make you evergreen, is at length surpassed. The discovery is to be applied, it is said, so effectively to the flower-trade that even in the midst of winter our fashionable friends will be enabled to wear the gayest flowers in all the pomp and elegance of their summer luxuriance.—Boston Transcript.

**A BIRD VISIT.**—Here is a pleasant scrap from the facile pen of Willis. It is a poem, without being done into rhyme: "Last night, however, we had a bird visit, which has furnished quite a day of poetry for the children. Writing in my room at a late hour, I was suddenly interrupted by the fluttering of wings against the window, which at first I thought an accident of some bird startled from her nest and bewildered by the light. I looked out but could see nothing. The night was dark and stormy; and wishing the flutterer safe from all perils of foxes and tree toads, I resumed my pen. In a few minutes the attempt to enter was made again, and repeated upon the larger window of the adjoining room in which slept my infant in her cradle. The nurse raised the lattice, and in came the stranger—circling round and round the cradle, and at last alighting upon the curtains of the bed—a little gray harpinger of spring, who sat and looked about her with the confidence of one sure of a welcome. She alighted presently on the ottoman in the window, and was easily caught by hand and put under an open-branded basket, to be safe for the night from the unwelcome familiars of the house; but oh, the interest of the story and the bird together, for the children in the morning! Could any mortal persuade them that there was no meaning in her visit! They watched the little feathered bosom with its throbs of watchfulness, and nuzzed upon its midnight coming, among their vague thoughts of things supernatural. Such are waking dreams that need not be interpreted to be felt to have a meaning. When the little warbler flew forth again—released in the morning air—it was, even to my world-worn belief, an angel on his return!"

**REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.**—A correspondent of the Petersburg (Virginia) Express, writing from Charlestown, in that State, relates the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:

"Washington was accustomed to wear two seals on his watch—one of gold, and the other of silver. Upon both of them the letters 'G. W.' were engraved or, rather, cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and were engraved on his person on the terrible day of Braddock's defeat. On that day he lost the silver seal. The gold one remained with the General until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about seventeen years ago, when, in riding over his farm, he dropped it, and could never recover it. The other day, the gold seal, lost seventeen years ago, was plowed up, recognized from the letters 'G. W.' on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same moment, the silver seal, lost in 1754, just one hundred years ago, was plowed up on the site of the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner recognized from the letters 'G. W.' so that in a very short time the two companions will be again united. I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible—namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementoes of his great ancestor. The affair is but one more proof of an oft-stated maxim, that truth begets fiction in strangeness. I repeat, there is not the slightest exaggeration or misstatement in the matter, and no room for mistake. In legal phraseology, 'the proof excludes every other hypothesis.'"

**GUARDIAN ANGELS.**—Guardian angels, messengers of sweet solace, glorious angel visions, are ever with us, ever around us; to our weary spirits they bring peace and joy. And when the heart is filled with pleasure, the bright visions floating in the ethereal space swiftly bear the glad tidings up to heaven on their unseen pinions. When there are wild dark thoughts in our hearts, when we bow our heads in anguish of spirit, and give way to useless and bitter repinings, ah, then the glorious watchers hasten with smiles of peace, and triumph in the right through Him our Redeemer. They are ever hovering around us with noiseless pinions; they are ever with us, those bright Spirits coming from the portals of heaven; and would not the earth be a weary, sad, darksome place without them? In vain should we seek for happiness and rest. No one can dispute the holy, mystic mission of these Spirits of poetic beauty. We should strive to live under such glorious watchers, that at the time of our transition from this world to a better, we can with joy pass with the bright angels above to realms of love. MARY.—Springfield Daily Post.

An Indian being once questioned as to the origin of the human race responded substantially as follows: "Our Great Father, the Great Spirit, had created the sun, the moon, the stars, and the earth, which he replenished with buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, bear, and beaver. Our Great Father looked upon all these things and perceived there was yet something wanted—a being like to himself. So our Great Father went up the creek—here it seems tradition has not handed down the name—and looking around discovered some black clay, out of which he formed a man. But the Great Spirit was not satisfied with this man, because his face and body were black, and his hair woolly. So he left him there and went a little piece further up the creek, where he saw some red clay, out of which he formed a red man. This man pleased our Great Father more than the first, yet he was not wholly satisfied. So our Great Father went still further up the creek and saw some white clay, out of which he formed a white man, and looking upon him with admiration and pleasure, exclaimed, 'This is a perfect man.'"

**HARRIS' MAGAZINE**, it is well known, is made up principally from foreign journals, without the usual acknowledgment or credit. The best articles which have appeared in it are perhaps those which they have stolen from *Household Words* and *Fraser's Magazine*. We have known one single number to contain no less than four entire articles from *Household Words*, published in *Harper* precisely as if they were original. This system of piracy did very well at first, but as their readers soon detected the fraud, they became disgusted, and withdrew their patronage.—Empire City.

A CROOKMAN catechizing the scholars in a Sunday School in Wisconsin asked a little boy how he thought Jonah felt while in the whale's belly? "Pretty well down in the mouth, sir," was the prompt reply.

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